

Poetry Series

Hala R Dika
- poems -

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Hala R Dika()

Re-Born

Reborn

A darkness beyond repair moved like a wolf ordained, I let it again, God slapped my face and taught me how to scream. Rays of light gathered around my waist and lifted me toward streets I roamed, with Love and Death. I slept on benches, lived on tomatoes, and played a tune for a buck.

In the New World there is only the clarity of the beating heart and the unbeating heart, the soul, absolute navigator, all directions equal in prospect, the sun and the slummer is bound by no man, re-inventing everything.

I have no use for is no better world than my own. I wish to conquer no other.

I am no coward, though I am shy. I smile a lot, no reason why. I'll talk to you if you go somewhere and get high, you talk and I'll cry.

Every lamppost has a rule, don't park, don't eat, don't cough, don't does everybody say? We need more rules for happier aren't you happy, I would ask? We need more money, need more a very peculiar bunch, watch them gorging down their lunch!

Where are you? My mysterious cutout lover. What body will you take to give to me? But tell me about your eyes dear lover, what will they see? I am periling, please hurry!

There is no meaning after this, some call it Hell, others, have I said that you will take, in your imaginations re-make? A world of nonsense that is mine, has served me well through thick and thine! □

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